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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Essays on Hypochondriacal and Nervous Affections. By John Reid, M. D., Member of the College of Physicians, London; and late Physician to the Finsbury Dispensary. 8vo. pp. 272. 1818.

IN calling the attention of the readers of the Literary Journal to the book before us, it may, perhaps, at first sight, appear as if we were overstepping our province, and encroaching upon the proper business of others, as well as introducing subjects to the public at large which belong to medical men alone, and can be of no use to promiscuous readers. It is not, however, without previous consideration, that we have admitted into our pages the present critique; and we hope to make it appear, that in so doing we are fulfilling our duty.

We have already figured to ourselves the Literary Journal introduced into a family breakfast-parlour by John, the footman, and the eyes of the whole company eagerly bent upon discovering what it contains. First, Miss enters the room, according to the custom of young ladies, just when breakfast is half ended; and, profiting by such a lucky coincidence, snatches the paper from John, in the hopes of finding an ample critique gracing our title-page of the last new poem or novel; or of discovering some information whereby she may be enabled to detect for whom a well-drawn picture, or rather caricature, of one of the *beau monde* of Bath, can be meant. Instead of such interesting matter, *Reid on Nervous Affections* stares her in the face. Appalled by the hideous spectre, she relinquishes the Journal to mamma. That sage lady likewise disapproves, and "wonders the editor will introduce such horrible stuff as physic into good company, and allow it to get alongside of dramatic critiques, fashionable dresses for ladies, the fine arts," &c. &c. She turns away from *Reid on Nervous Diseases* with almost as much disgust as the stiff (rumped) dowager, one of the

who is reported to have greeted an unfortunate student of physic, who had the temerity to ask her daughter to dance, with the following polite interrogatory:

"Pray, sir! are you a student, or a gentleman?"

"Madam!" replies our young *Æsculapius*, "I am both."

"That," replies the dowager, "is impossible."

And, so saying, she turns away from the indignant student,

"Grace in all her footsteps — Heaven in her eye,"

just as we were supposing mamma to push away the Literary Journal to papa's side of the table: her worthy husband, although he would rather have seen a political essay, or have travelled, by the help of his spectacles and our paper, to the North Pole, provided he could return as speedily, and with as little inconvenience, as he can lay down our Journal, detains us for a few minutes, because "he has been troubled with the spleen, or because his great grandfather had the gout." For these reasons, he deems *Reid on Nervous Affections* quite as worthy of a place, and full as noble a theme, as the *Fudge Family at Paris*; or the *Steyne*, "vile stuff, which teaches our English women Frenchified manners, and leads them to scandal and gossip, instead of attending, like their grandmothers, to more truly feminine occupations, such as mending worsted stockings, and making gooseberry pies." With the head of the house, therefore, we meet with but a cold reception; are allowed a mere *bait*; and stand a great chance of being condemned to some such servile office as wrapping up a pair of shoes, lighting a fire, being cut into curl papers, to put the cook-maid's greasy locks in a fit state to appear before her lover.

But let us suppose, upon this occasion, the guardian angel of the Literary Journal to interfere, in the shape of papa's unmarried sister. This lady, having passed the sunshine of beauty, and being no longer in the meridian of youth, hath of late years become nervous, and devoted the whole of her time to more useful occupations than routs, plays, cards, &c.; and hath, in their stead, patronized religious tracts,

unfortunate widows, and patent medicines, with which she poisons the poor gratis, and free of all expense. Suppose this charitable lady to stretch forth her fair hand to save the Literary Journal from destruction, like *Venus*, who, we are told, caught up *Æneas* in a cloud just at the moment he was going to be immolated to the resentment of *Dionede* and *Minerva*: she makes a resolution to read our critique on *Reid on Nervous Affections*, the first opportunity the ensuing week, and meanwhile, as the bell rings for church, deposits us with her snuff box, smelling bottle, nervous cordial, &c. in a snug situation at the bottom of her pocket, where we meet with a warmer reception than ever she could be persuaded to grant to any of the tribe of parsons, captains, and penniless lords, who, some five and twenty years ago, made love to her, or rather to her fortune.

Now to apply the foregoing seeming digression: — If the Literary Journal, in presuming to notice a medical work, meet with the disapprobation of certain individuals, and the approbation of others, in a small family, such as we have been picturing to ourselves, the same may be the case, upon a larger scale, with the public at large. Ever desirous of giving universal satisfaction, we shall make it our aim so to fashion our critique, that if it do not amuse, it shall at least not be beyond the comprehension of readers of every description. We think it superfluous to say *female* as well as of the male sex, because in this country, and in these times, to say that a reader is of the former sex does not imply that her capacity is less acute, her judgment less cultivated, or her literary information less extensive on that account. We pledge ourselves farther, not to review any other books than those which connect philosophy with medicine, and such as are written expressly for the perusal of popular readers. And as works of this description are not very numerous, our readers will not be overburthened with medicine. *Reid on Nervous Affections*, however, is of this kind, for we are told in the preface, that "many passages have been taken from the medical reports which Dr. Reid

"Mac Queens, Mac Kenzies, and Mac Gregors,
The ancient tribe of Highland beggars,"

was in the habit of communicating to the *Old Monthly Magazine*."

The style of the work before us is not a little peculiar, and it strikes us the more so from the nature of the subject of which it treats. Medical authors generally adopt the plainest and most intelligible language possible to convey their information to the public, and seldom go out of their way in search of fine figurative modes of expression. It is in fact, as the celebrated Locke observes, useless, after the mind is once in possession of the *matter* to be understood, to seek for similes and analogies to make it as it were yet clearer to itself: for, by pursuing such a course, the attention of the reader is withdrawn from the main subject: he is necessitated to lay aside for a time that train of ideas he has perhaps taken up with difficulty, in order to attend to the simile, which, however beautiful, is, in the majority of instances, no way essential, and might, perhaps, have been better left out altogether. Most philosophical, and many medical works require close attention, and strong exercise of the mind, the abstraction of our thoughts in the same manner as they are absorbed in the study of a geometrical problem. Suppose that a mathematician were to break off in the middle of a long demonstration, and leave his lines and his angles, to observe the beauties of a passage in Dryden, or the variety of thoughts and sentiments comprised in half a dozen lines of Young's *Night Thoughts*. — Why! when he returned to his theorem his ideas would be scattered, his attention diverted into new channels, and neither the one nor the other would be collected without loss of time and labour. He must recommence the problem from the beginning. Exactly in the same manner does an unnecessary simile operate. The art of thinking consists, according to the first principle of logic, in comparing two ideas together, and observing their connexion with a third. But it is not a little difficult to discover how far the third idea is an induction of the two former, if they be separated by a beautiful simile or comparison.

In order to ascertain how far similes are admissible in scientific works, it will be necessary previously to consider to what purposes they have been applied — as well ornamental as useful.

No authors deal more largely in similes and comparisons than the poets, and a single example will sufficiently show the use which they make of them:—

"As seamen shipwreck'd on some happy shore,
Discover wealth on lands unknown before,

And what their art had labour'd long in vain,
By their misfortune happily obtain —
So my much envied muse, by storms long tost,
Is thrown upon your hospitable coast,
And finds more favour by her ill success
Than she could hope for from her happiness*."

Now, it is here most obvious, that the two things compared together bear in fact very little analogy to each other. A painter would hardly have represented Dryden's muse in a sailor's blue jacket and trowsers, with harsh features, and a sun-burnt face. As little resemblance is there between the inhospitable shore upon which the mariners are supposed to have been cast, and Lady Castlemain's drawing-room, where the play had the honour of being read after it had been hissed from the stage. No, — the analogy is in the emotions or passions excited in the mind being similar. We have sympathized with the unfortunate who have suffered the misfortune of shipwreck: we are all familiar with Alexander Selkirk's supposed soliloquy —

"Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place."

Sensations of commiseration and pity, which have been previously experienced, and are strongly imprinted upon the mind, are appealed to by the art of the poet; and his object is, that those sensations may be transferred to him and to his play, and that you thereby be made to feel with him his bitter disappointment at the ill success of his comedy, and the joyful transition he experienced when it procured him the patronage of Lady Castlemain. Hence we see that the *use* which poets make of similes is, by their help, to appeal to the *feelings* of the reader. And, in truth, this is the readiest and most effectual way of attaining that object; for all popular preachers, and plausible advocates, deal most largely in them. Dr. Spurzheim has so high an opinion of the importance of comparison, that he has appointed, I believe, a whole organ in every man's brain, exclusively for that purpose.

We shall add one more illustration: — No two persons are, perhaps, more unlike than a porter or butler, and a critic or reviewer. Observe, however, that to a certain extent there is an analogy:—

"A critic or reviewer is like the porter at a great man's house."

No work, in these times, stands any chance of being read unless it be puffed off by the reviewers. They are too often partial; they do not investigate the merits of the work itself, but inquire

* Dryden's Epistle to Lady Castlemain, on her encouraging his first plays.

who and what is the author, and regulate their decision accordingly.

A critic, therefore, is like the porter to a great man's house, because he closes the doors of the public to excellence and worth, and opens them to impudence and folly.

Thus much for our similes; we now proceed to its application: — No two classes of individuals have a greater contempt for each other than a meagre author and a half-starved captain. But if the captain be called upon to recollect the sensations he experienced the first time the door was rudely slammed in his face, before the frequent repetitions of such disappointments had rendered him familiar under them, he will then, perhaps, have some commiseration for the unfortunate author, who has had his darling work pulled to pieces by the reviewers, or his favourite play unmercifully *damned* by the critics. The captain, therefore, who scowled at the author, and the author who sneered at the captain, may, by the aid of our simile, become in the end very good friends, and adjourn to the *à la mode*-beef shop to take a snack together*.

In fine, therefore, a comparison is an engine, whereby the poet works upon the feelings of his reader.

But in medical works we have in fact very little to do with the *feelings*. The *judgment* is what is, or ought to be called into play, and the less the passions interfere the better. We constantly hear the ladies complain that Dr. *** and Surgeon *** have no *feeling*. Heaven help his patient, if he has as much as the ladies seem to require! When a medical man enters the bed-chamber, he has something else to do than to sigh and groan over a leg which hath gotten the cramp, or a stomach which is pleased to reject its contents. His *judgment* is called upon to act: he has to discover every symptom; to weigh the importance of all: he has to search for the causes of the disorder: his memory has to furnish him with similar instances from books, or from cases; and his penetration to suggest the mode of cure. But if the feelings are pleased to interfere, they are sure to conquer the judgment, and the patient's well-being to be sacrificed. For this reason, no physician ever treats

* It is not here intended to cast a sneer upon a reputable, a gentlemanlike profession. When a captain is held up to public contempt, as in the character of Northerton, in *Tom Jones*, and in Swift's *Hamilton's Bawn*, or the *Barrack and Mah House*, we have always applied it to certain counterite military men, who shine in the chop houses, and set up in country towns, substituting, in the place of the king's commission — a face of impenetrable brass.

his wife or daughter himself, or those whom he dearly loves, because his feelings incapacitate him from such a task. Let us, therefore, no longer hear that medical men have no feeling. Originally their feelings were as acute as other people's, but by overmuch use they become worn down and blunted. But what the passions lose the judgment generally gains. He who has seen a man dying of water in the chest without emotion, will hardly be able to sympathize with the sufferings of a lady who hath gotten a headach, however much he may feel disposed to affect pity. But if, instead of studying the case before him, his attention be wholly absorbed in considering how best to act his part, how he can twist and distort his features like a tragic actor, to express emotions which he does not feel, it is not improbable that he will make some blunder, which may, under certain circumstances, cost the patient his life.

To return, however, from this digression:—Although to play upon the feelings be the ornamental purpose to which poets apply similes, their real use is a more important one, viz. to make any one comprehend what he has not seen by a reference to that which he has. For this reason, and to this extent, are they admissible in philosophical works. A new disease, or a solitary anomalous case, occurs. How shall the author describe it to the profession at large?—By comparing it with other diseases, and pointing wherein the difference consists. A new plant is discovered.—The first question then is—To what class and order does it belong? Now the basis of every classification is analogy or resemblance.

We may, therefore, come to this conclusion, finally, that comparisons and similes are admissible in philosophical and medical works; that their use can be defended upon the broad basis of necessity, as well as being warranted by the ancient writers, by the custom of present and former times. Still they may be pushed too far: no writer should compare merely for comparison's sake. An author should always bear in view the object for which he inserts a simile; the end it is to answer. He should farther limit his analogies as much as possible to the science of which he treats. In physic, for example, he should not have recourse to mechanics to explain his ideas, as Dr. John Brown illustrated the Brunonian system by a reference to a scale: neither should he insert them purely for ornament, to form a flowery sentence, or a well turned period. The love for these kind of allusions is an acquired taste; and it is the duty of

an author to be on his guard, to watch that they do not lead himself and his reader astray from the main subject. Few readers will take the trouble to dwell upon them sufficiently long to appreciate, or even to discover their beauties and excellences.

We do not suppose that it is incumbent upon Dr. Reid, who never lets slip an occasion for inserting a simile, to guide himself by rules of our making. As he writes also for popular readers, he is justified in indulging in a more diffuse style. When we resume our pen, we shall endeavour to point out the beauties and defects of his work. We do not think ourselves competent to criticise; we profess merely to comment upon it, and shall bear in mind the advice of Pope:—

"In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And, if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due."
(To be concluded in our next.)

The Brownie of Bodsbeck, &c. By James Hogg, &c.

(Concluded from our last, p. 179.)

A LETTER now arrived for Katherine from her father, desiring her to obtain the assistance of their laird, Drumelzier, for his liberation: she determined to go herself, yet was at a loss in whose charge to leave the house, so overrun with spectres—at last she fixed upon old Nanny, who acknowledged herself a Whig; in corroboration of which she exhibited her cheek which had been burnt, and her ears which had been cut off—her whole family, she said, had suffered by the scaffold or firelock, for their faith. Away went Katherine on her mission, riding upon a stout, shaggy poney, and attended by Jasper; he who was so fleet of foot when the impish serpent pursued him over hill and dale. She arrived at Dunse Castle, and secured the warmest interests of Drumelzier in her father's behalf. She now hastened home with her wild guide, where she arrived after four or five days' absence; but Chapelhope was deserted by "man, woman, and boy." This flight had taken place in consequence of the grievous visitation of Brownie and other ghosts.

The march of Walter to his prison was attended with mortifications, insults, and privations, inflicted by his depraved guides; and borne by him with a manly resistance, or necessary compliance, as circumstances arose. A short digression of a scene of slaughter on the road may be interesting:—Edward M'Cane, son to a merchant,

courted a beautiful young maiden; he was found a stranger in her father's house, and suspected to be one of the wanderers: the youth was examined in a mere farcical way, and, though he denied all acquaintance with those named,

"M'Cane judged himself safe on that score, for he knew that he had neither knife, razor, bodkin, nor edged instrument of any kind about him; but as ill luck would have it, he chanced to have an old gun-flint in his waistcoat pocket. Douglas instantly pronounced this to be sufficient, and ordered him to be shot. M'Cane was speechless for some time with astonishment, and at length told his errand, and the footing on which he stood with the young girl before them, offering at the same time to bring proofs from his own parish of his loyalty and conformity. He even condescended to kneel to the ruffian, to clasp his knees, and beg and beseech of him to be allowed time for a regular proof; but nothing would move him. He said, the courtship was a very clever excuse, but would not do with him, and forthwith ordered him to be shot. He would not even allow him to sing a psalm with his two friends, but cursed and swore that the devil a psalm he should sing there. He said, 'It would not be singing a few verses of a psalm in a wretched and miserable style that would keep him out of hell; and if he went to heaven, he might then lilt as much at psalm-singing as he had a mind.' When the girl, his betrothed sweetheart, saw the muskets levelled at her lover, she broke through the file, shrieking most piteously, threw herself on him, clasped his neck and kissed him, crying, like one distracted, 'O Edward, take me wi' ye—take me wi' ye; a' the world sanna part us'.

"Ah! Mary," said he, "last night we looked forward to long and happy years—how joyful were our hopes! but they are all blasted at once. Be comforted, my dearest, dearest heart!—God bless you!—Farewell for ever."

"The soldiers then dragged her backward, mocking her with indelicate remarks, and while she was yet scarcely two paces removed, and still stretching out her hands towards him, six balls were lodged in his heart in a moment, and he fell dead at her feet. Deformed and bloody as he was, she pressed the corpse to her bosom, moaning and sobbing in such a way as if every throb would have been her last, and in that condition the soldiers marched merrily off and left them. For this doughty and noble deed, for which Serjeant Douglas deserved to have been hanged and quartered, he shortly after got a cornetcy in Sir Thomas Livingston's troop of horse."

Though Chapelhope was deserted by every living soul besides, the courageous Katherine took up her abode there, and managed the farm with great dexterity; her servants met her in the fields, and assisted in field work—but kept their distance from the scenes of terror, particularly during the night. Davie Tait, a neighbouring farmer, to whom some of the family had fled for

shelter, went one morning over the brae to look for his flock; but when he looked towards Chapelhope, the miraculous sight that met his eyes deprived him of all power and exertion:—

“Walter of Chapelhope had ten acres of as good corn as ever grew in a moorland district. Davie knew that when he went to his bed the evening before, that corn was all growing in the field, dead ripe, and ready for the sickle; and he had been lamenting that very night that such a crop should be lost for want of reapers, in a season when there was so much need for it. But now Davie saw that one half of that crop at least was shorn during the night, all standing in tight shocks, rowed and hooded, with their ends turned to the south-west.—Well might Davie exclaim, ‘My sooth, but the Brownie of Bodsbeck has had a busy night!’”

“About eight days after that, when the moon was in the wane, the rest of Walter’s corn was all cut down in one night, and a part of the first safely stowed in the barnyard. About the same time, too, the shepherds began to smear their flocks at a small sheep-house and fold, built for the purpose up nigh to the forkings of the Chapelhope-burn. It is a custom with them to mix as much tar with grease before they begin as they deem sufficient to smear all the sheep on the farm, or at least one hirsell of them. This the herds of Chapelhope did; but, on the very second morning after they began, they perceived that a good deal of their tar was wanting; and judging that it had been stolen, they raised a terrible affray about it with their neighbours of Riskinhope and Corse-cleuch. Finding no marks of it, old John Hay said, ‘We must just give it up, callants, for lost; there is nae doubt but some of the fishers about Dryhope has stown it for fish-lights. There are a set of the terriblest poachers live there that’s in all the Forest.’”

“In the afternoon John went out to the Ox-cleugh-head, to bring in a houseful of white sheep, and to his utter astonishment saw that upwards of an hundred ewes had been smeared during the night, by the officious and unwearied Brownie of Bodsbeck. ‘The plague be in his fingers,’ quoth old John to himself, ‘gin he hacna smeared crocks an’ fat sheep, an’ a’ that has come in his way. This will never do.’”

“Though the very hairs of John’s head stood, on coming near to the sheep that had been smeared by Brownie, yet seeing that his sensible dog Keilder was nothing afraid of them, but managed them in the same way as he did other sheep, John grew by degrees less suspicious of them. He confessed, however, as he was shedding them from the white ones, that there was a ewe of Brownie’s smearing came running by very near him, and he could not help giving a great jump out of her way.

“All shepherds are accused of indolence, and not, perhaps, without some reason. Though John dreaded as death all connexion with Brownie, yet he rejoiced at the progress they were likely to make in the smearing, for it is a dirty and laborious business, and he was glad by any means to get a share of it off his hands, especially as the season was so far advanced. So John

took in to the fold twice as many sheep as they needed for their own smearing, put the crocks and the fat sheep out from among them, and left them in the house to their fate, taking good care to be out of sight of the place before dark. Next morning a certain quantity of tar was again gone, and the sheep were all neatly smeared and keeled, and set to the hill. This practice the shepherds continued throughout smearing-time, and whether they housed many or few at night, they were still all smeared and set to the hill again next morning. The smearing of Chapelhope was finished in less than one-third of its wonted time. Never was the labour of a farm accomplished with such expedition and exactness, although there were none to work, to superintend, or direct it, but one simple maiden. It became the wonder and theme of the whole country, and has continued to be a standing winter evening tale to this day. Where is the cottager, dwelling between the Lowthers and Cheviot, who has not heard tell of the feats of the Brownie of Bodsbeck?”

Walter’s trial now came on: though he had some warm friends, the cause was going to be soon, and fatally, terminated:—

“I was just considering what I should say, but I could get nought to say ava, when I was startit wi’ a loud Hem! just amaisht at my elbow. I naturally liftit up my een, very stupit like, I dare say, to see what it was; and wha was it but the queer Highland chap Roy Macpherson, makin’ sic faces to me as ye never saw. I thought he was wanting to mak me recollect something, but what it was I coudna tell. I was dumfounded sae, that when the judge put the question to me about Clerk I never answered a word, for I was forefoughten wi’ another thought. At length I mindit the daft advice that honest Macpherson gae me at parting with me in Dumfries, which was sic a ridiculous advice I had never thought o’t mair. But now, thinks I to mysel, things canna be muckle waur wi’ me; the scrow’s come fairly to the neb o’ the miresnipe now; an’ never had I better reason to be angry than at the base curate whom I had fed an’ clad sae aften. Sae I musters a’ my wrath up into my face, and when the judge, or the advocate, put the question again, I never heedit what it was, but set up my birses an’ spak to them as they had been my herd callants. What the deil are ye a’ after? quoth I. G—d d—n the hale pack o’ ye, do ye think that auld Wat Laidlaw’s a whig, or wad do aught against his king, or the laws o’ his country? They ken little about him that say sae! I aince fought twa o’ the best o’ them armed wi’ swords, an’ wi’ nought but my staff I laid them baith flat at my feet; an’ had I ony twa o’ ye on the Chapelhope-flow thegither, if ye dared to say that I was a whig, or a traitor to my king, I wad let ye find strength o’ arm for aince. Here the wily chap Geordie Lockie stappit me in great agitation, and beggit me to keep my temper, and answer his lordship to the point, what defence I had to make against the information given by Clerk the curate? He be d—d! said I: he kens the contrair o’ that ower weel; but he kend he wad be master an’ mair when he gat me away frae about the town. He wantit to

wheedle my wife out o’ ilk thing she had, an’ to kiss my daughter too, if he could. Vile brock; gin I war hame at him I’ll dad his head to the wa’; ay, an’ ony twa o’ ye forby, quo’ I, raising my voice, an’ shaking that neive at them,—ony twa o’ ye that dare set up your faces an’ say that I’m a whig or a rebel.—A wheen d—d rascals, that dinna ken what ye wad be at!

“The hale court was thunnerstruck, an’ glowred at ane anither like wullcats. I gae a sklent wi’ my ee to Daniel Roy Macpherson, an’ he was leaned ower the back o’ the seat, and fa’n into a kink o’ laughing. The hale crowd abint us got up wi’ a great hurra! an’ clappit their hands, an’ I thought the fock war a’ gaen mad thegither. As soon as there was a wee quiet, my lord the Earl o’ Moray he speaks across to Clavers, an’ he says: ‘This winna do, my lord; that carl’s nae whig, nor naething akin to them. Gin that be nae a sound worthy man, I never saw ane, nor heard ane speak.’ An’ wi’ that the crowd shoutit an’ clappit their hands again. I sat hingin my head then, an’ looking very blate, but I was unco massy for a’ that. They then spak amang themsels for five or sax minents, and they cried on my master Drumelzier, an’ he gaed up an’ crackit wi’ them too; an’ at last the judge tauld me, that the prosecution against me was drappit for the present, an’ that gin I could raise security for twa thousand merks, to appear again if cited before the first of June, 1686, I was at liberty to go about my business.”

Walter is now set at liberty; and on All-hallows eve, that dangerous night for fairies, he comes towards his own home, meets with a warning from something very like an apparition, yet, being joined by his faithful dog Reaver, he boldly pursues his way; however, on the bank approaching the house, his path is again intercepted by a misshapen thing, and though our farmer tries every means to elude the pursuit, still he finds the spectre at his heels: at last a parley takes place, and, in spite of all warning, Walter determines to enter his dwelling. He tried every door and window in vain—all was still and silent as death: at last he saw a light shining in the window of the old room; through an aperture Walter saw a “very chilling sight.” His daughter, Katherine, was sitting on the bed, holding a corpse on her knee, the Brownie by her side, and many other grizly phantoms round them. He fled to Davie Taits, at Riskinhope. The following was their conversation, when he made his unexpected appearance in the night:—

“‘Lord sauf us, goodman,’ quo’ he, ‘are ye hangit?’”

“‘Am I hangit, ye blockhead!’ says I; ‘what do ye mean?’”

“‘I m-m-mean,’ says Davie, ‘w-w-war ye ek-ek-execute?’”

“‘Dinna be feared for an auld acquaintance, Davie,’ quo I, ‘though he comes to you in this guise.’”

" 'Guise!' said Davie, staring and gasping for breath—'Gui-gui-guise! Then it se-e-e-ems ye are dead?'

" 'Gin I were dead, ye fool,' quoth I, 'how could I be here? Give me your hand.'

" 'Uh-uh-uh-uuh!' cried Davie, as I wore him up to the nook, and took haud o' his hand by force. 'Uh, goodman, ye are flesh and blude yet! But O ye're cauld an' ugsome!'

" 'Davie,' quoth I, 'bring me a drink, for I hae seen something o'er-bye, an' I'm hardly just mysel.'

" Davie ran and brought me a hale bowie-fu' o' milk. 'Tak a gude waught, goodman,' quoth he, 'an' dinna be discouraged. Ye maun lay your account to see and hear baith sic things as ye never saw or heard afore, gin ye be gaun to bide here. Ye needna wonder that I thought ye war dead,—the dead are as rife here now as the living—they gang amang us, work amang us, an' speak to us; an' them that we ken to be half-rotten i' their graves, come an' visit our fire-sides at the howe o' the night. There hae been sad doings here sin ye gaed away, goodman!'

The next morning a meeting took place between Walter and his daughter: she flew to his embrace, but he half rejected her; she hid her face on his shoulder, when he said—

" 'Ye ken ower weel,' said he at length, 'how deep a haud ye hae o' this heart, Keatie. Ye're my ain bairn still, and ye hae done muckle for my life—but'—

" 'Muckle for your life!' said she, interrupting him—'I have been but too remiss. I have regretted every hour that I was not with you attending you in prison, administering to all my father's wants, and helping to make the time of bondage and suspense pass over more lightsomely; but grievous circumstances have prevented me. I have had sad doings here since you went away, my dear father—there is not a feeling that can rack the human heart that has not been my share. But I will confess all my errors to my father, fall at his knees, and beg his forgiveness—ay, and I hope to receive it too.'

" 'The sooner ye do sae the better then, Keatie,' said he—'I was here last night, an' saw a sight that was enough to turn a father's heart to stane.'

" 'You were here last night!' said she emphatically, while her eyes were fixed on the ground—'You were here last night! Oh! what shall become of me?'

" 'Ay, weel may ye say sae, poor lost and undone creature! I was here last night, though worn back by some o' your infernals, an' saw ye in the mids o' your dreadfu' game, wi' a' your bike o' hell round about ye. I watna what your confession and explanation may do; but without these I hae sworn to myself, and I'll keep my aith, that you and I shall never night thegither again in the same house, nor the same part o' the country—ay, though it should bring down my grey hairs wi' sorrow to the grave, I'll keep that aith.'

" 'I fear it will turn out a rash vow,' said she, 'and one that we may all repent to the last day that we have to live. There is danger and jeopardy in the business, and it is connected with the lives and souls of men.'

Katherine led her father towards the place, where she promised all mystery should be unravelled:—

" They soon came to the precipitate linn on the South Grain, where the soldiers had been slain. Katherine being a little way before, began to scramble across the face of the rock by a path that was hardly perceptible. Walter called after her, 'Where are ye gaun, Keatie? It's impossible to win yont there—there's no outgate for a mouse.'

" 'We will try,' answered she; 'it is perhaps not so bad as it looks—Follow me—you have nothing to fear.'

" Walter followed; for however much he was affrighted for brownies, and fairies, and dead corpses, and all these awful kind of things, he was no coward among rocks and precipices. They soon reached a little pass in the middle of the linn, or what an Englishman would call a small landing-place. Here she paused till her father reached her, and pointed out to him the singularity of their situation, with the burn roaring far below their feet, and the rock fairly overhanging them above.

" 'Is it not a romantic and tremendous spot?' said she.

" 'It is that!' said Walter, 'an' I believe you and I are the first that ever stood on it.'

" 'Well, this is the end of our journey,' said she; and, turning about, she began to pull at a bush of heath that grew between two rocks.

" 'What can she be gaun to do wi' the heather?' thought Walter to himself, when instantly a door opened, and showed a cavern that led into the hill. It was a door wattled with green heath, with the tops turned outward so exactly, that it was impossible for any living to know but that it was a bush of natural heath growing in the interstice. 'Follow me, my dear father,' said she, 'you have still nothing to fear;' and so saying she entered swiftly in a stooping posture."

Walter at last arrived in a large cave, and beheld a number of figures. The following account from one of them elucidated the mystery:—

" 'You see here before you, sir,' said the little hunchbacked figure, 'a wretched remnant of that long persecuted, and now nearly annihilated sect, the covenanted reformers of the west of Scotland. We were expelled from our homes, and at last hunted from our native mountains like wolves, for none of our friends durst shelter any of us on their grounds, on pain of death. Even the rest of the persecuted disowned us, and became our adversaries, because our tenets were more stern and severe than theirs; for we acted on the principle of retaliation as far as it lay in our power, holding that to be in consistency with the laws of God and man; therefore were we expelled from their society, which indeed we disdained.'

" 'We first came to Bodsbeck, where we got shelter for a few weeks. It was there that I was first supposed by the menials, who chanced to see me, to be a Brownie, and that superstitious idea the tenant thought meet to improve for our safety; but on the approach of Lag's people he dismissed us. We then fled to Leithen-hall, from whence in a few days we were again compelled to fly; and at last came to this wild, the only

place in the south that soldiers had never searched, nor could search with any degree of success. After much labour we completed this cave, throwing the stuff into the torrent below, so that the most minute investigator could not distinguish the smallest difference in the linn, or face of the precipice; and here we deemed we might live for years without being discovered; and here we determined to live, till God should see fit, in his own good time, to send some relief to his persecuted church in these lands.

" 'But, alas! the worst evil of all awaited us! We subsisted for a considerable time by bringing victuals over night from a great distance: but even the means of obtaining these failed us; so that famine, and the dampness of the air here, we being compelled to lie inactive in the bowels of the earth for days and nights together, brought on us a malignant and pestilential fever. In three days from its first symptoms appearing, one half of our number were lying unable to move, or lift an eye. What could we do? The remnant could not fly, and leave their sick and wounded brethren to perish here unseen. We were unable to carry them away with us; and if we had, we had no place to which we could have conveyed them. We durst not apply to you, for if you had taken pity on us, we knew it would cost you your life, and be the means of bereaving your family of all your well-earned wealth. In this great extremity, as a last resource, I watched an opportunity, and laid our deplorable case before that dear maid your daughter—Forgive these tears, sir; you see every eye around fills at mention of her name—She has been our guardian angel—She has, under Almighty Providence, saved the lives of the whole party before you—has supplied us with food, cordials, and medicines; with beds, and with clothing, all from her own circumscribed resources. For us she has braved every danger, and suffered every privation; the dereliction of her parents, and the obloquy of the whole country. That young man, whom you see sitting on the wicker chair there, is my only surviving son of five—he was past hope when she found him—fast posting to the last goal—her unwearied care and attentions have restored him; he is again in a state of convalescence—O may the Eternal God reward her for what she has done to him and us!'

Walter took his virtuous child to his bosom:—he invited the whole party down to Chapelhope; and the persecutions soon relaxing, Katherine was rewarded by the consciousness of having saved her fellow mortals for future happiness. The Brownie turns out to be the husband of old Nanny; and we are directed to the following pamphlet for his memoir:—'A Cameronian's Tale; or, the Life of John Brown, written by himself.'

The two "other tales" which are comprehended in these volumes severally bear the titles of the "Woolgatherer" and the "Hunt of Eildon;" of which the first is an exceedingly agreeable composition, and the second a fairy tale of the wildest description.

We have given our chief attention to the Brownie of Bodsbeck, on account of its historical claims;—and surely history has few episodes more striking, nor perhaps more instructive, than that which speaks of the adventures and principles of the Scottish Cameronians; but we are far, very far, from disdaining the pages of mere romance. Never, never let us undervalue even what belongs to the imagination only; but romance, when it truly depicts the creed of superstition, is itself historical, and pertaining to one of the noblest branches of history—the history, not of particular ages nor nations, but of all time, and of mankind in the universal.

Original Correspondence.

THE WINTER THEATRES.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Your intelligent correspondent, W. F. R., thinks the present ill success of the winter theatres might be remedied by having various prices for the different tiers of boxes; and that such regulation would also have a good effect, by keeping the different classes, which frequent them, more decidedly separate than they are at present. But although his plan, in part, is extremely good, yet, I think, the theatres will never fully succeed until their proprietors consult their own interest, as well as public decorum, in ceasing to make them professed haunts for women of the town. I know what I now write will create a smile in some, and disapprobation in others. It will be thought that, if I had the power, I should make as severe a lawgiver as the Duke is, in *Measure for Measure*; or that I should expect every female in the metropolis to give a certificate of her good conduct, on pain of banishment. My efforts in the cause of virtue are not, however, of so violent a nature; and although I cannot think with some sage philosophers, that females, of the class I have mentioned, ought to exist in every great city, yet I am afraid there will always be found a large proportion of them in our metropolis, as well as in every other. But what I would contend for is, that theatres, which are professed to be places of moral recreation, and where the managers of them never suffer an old comedy to be revived, without making liberal use of the pruning knife, lest an indelicate expression might raise a blush in the cheek of modesty, should not be converted into houses of call for these wretched females, nor have rooms belonging to them, fitted up in the most elegant manner, where these venal beauties may promenade, and display their charms for sale. Surely such apartments deserve the name of auction rooms for vice. But to these rooms they are not confined; all the tiers of boxes, the lower circle excepted, are open to them; and even behind one part of the lower circle, seats are appropriated to them. They appear dressed in the most indelicate manner, and frequently interrupt the performance with their riotous

mirth. It is an old saying, that virtue is the best policy, and that vice, in the end, will lead to ruin; and I am certain the managers are losers by this mode of conduct. There is not one father of a family that I am acquainted with, who would take his daughters to any part of the boxes, except the lower circle; and as the disturbers of decorum, and those who go to meet them, generally enter at the half-price, one respectable person, who sees the whole of the play, pays as much as two of the others; therefore, were the theatres to be only half as full as they are at present, and that half respectable, there would not be any loss sustained. But I am certain, were decorum preserved, they would be much fuller. The making a difference in prices would also be of decided use, although I cannot agree with W. F. R., that the slips, which are on a level with the two-shilling gallery, should be four shillings; half-a-crown, or three shillings, would be enough for them; and at those prices they would, I am certain, be filled every night. It will, I know, be asked, How women of the town can be excluded from a public place? I answer, women of the town, behaving in the riotous manner they frequently do in the theatre, might be taken up, even in the streets; and indeed they often are, for behaviour not much worse than the respectable part of the audience are obliged to submit to. When the drama was too immoral for women of virtue to attend, the other class of females composed a very suitable audience; but now it has become the amusement of rank and virtue, I think rank, and above all virtue, entitled to some degree of respect.

But we will not go so far as to insist that the managers should exclude loose females: it would be rendering some benefit to the public, if they could be prevailed upon not to attract them within their walls, nor to make dramatic representation a secondary object. One reason has been given for inducing them to appear at the theatre, which is so immoral, and so shameless, I am unwilling to imagine it could ever be seriously made use of: it is, that the managers must encourage women of the town to come, in order to attract the men at half-price. If such be their motives, they had better shut up their theatres, and enter upon some other profession, where their expenses would be reduced, and they would not have dramatic performers to pay, which, at Drury-Lane at least, seems a difficult duty to perform. But I hope attributing such motives to men of talent and character is base calumny, or ill-timed jest. Then, if they really wish to have theatres, let them, so far from attracting bad company, use every art to keep it away, and put their houses on such a footing, that respectable females may be able to frequent them, and that unwary youths may not be led into vice, when their object has been innocent amusement.

The increase of Methodism has been given as a reason why the theatres have lately been so thinly attended; and, indeed, the scenes of vice they present, not on the stage, but in the boxes and gay saloons, justify those who, from religious motives, scruple to frequent them. And what are the consequences of all these allurements to vice? How the

funds of Covent-Garden are at present, I do not know, but Drury-Lane, we are publicly told, cannot go on, unless the performers will consent to give part of their hard-got earnings. In short, it is impossible to carry on two opposite designs at once; and the place which is made a haunt for the vicious will seldom be the resort of the virtuous. Let the managers, then, make a reform, and, as women bear a great sway in public amusements, the respectable part of them will frequently visit their theatres, and induce their husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons to accompany them; for females certainly relish dramatic performances more than men do: whether it is that they have a more lively fancy, or that their minds are less contracted by the routine of business, I know not, but such is the truth; and if managers would trust to their support, I should think they would not have cause to repent it. And they would have the satisfaction of knowing, that they are not adding to the load of guilt which now weighs heavily on this country; and, by natural consequences, even without adverting to other causes, must crush us in the end, unless every exertion is made to prevent its accumulation.

I remain, sir,
Your obedient servant,
And the sincere admirer of
Your excellent Publication,

THE SAME.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Your correspondent, W. T. D., in the Tenth Number of your Journal, being troubled with "thick-coming fancies," in consequence, as he says, of "the generally understood intention of the proprietors of the two winter theatres, at the commencement of the next season, to lower the price of admission to the boxes from seven shillings to six shillings;" and, as he is desirous of ushering in a protégé of his own into the genteel society among whom your valuable Paper circulates, I profess a readiness to discuss the subject with him, in the hope that out of discussion something may arise to profit the managers and amuse the public. Your correspondent agrees in the necessity of some alteration, but expresses his doubts as to the object in view being effected,—yet, notwithstanding, has the temerity to suggest a scale of prices being adopted, although he believes that, in the reduction, nothing would be gained. Now, I have no objection to his scale of prices, (except that it is not brought low enough, but in the difficulty of a new arrangement in the mode of taking the admission-money at the doors: the access to the boxes is general, and one staircase leads to the whole; any deviation therefrom, in the present disposition of the avenues, I fear, is impracticable; or, if rendered otherwise, would lead to great expense, not only in the alteration that would be required, but also in the appointment of new receivers to the approach of every circle. My opinion, and wish is, that the managers of theatres should return to the good and wholesome time of Garrick's administration; and, although I am a warm admirer of the Roscius of the present day, and, individually, think seven shillings is cheaply given, at any time,

to see him,—yet, for the million, it is too much. I am, sir, a family-man: I like the intellectual treat of the drama; and do not hesitate to say, that the school of Shakspeare is better fitted to form and furnish the minds of the rising generation, than half the academies in the united kingdom. Let us, then, be allowed to purchase this instruction at a reasonable rate: let the father of a family indulge, with his children, in mental delight, and, my life for it, they would return from a well-acted play more impressed with the salutary examples of virtue, and the detestation of vice, than can be infused into them by the dull lectures of scholastic preceptors.

I have been speaking of theatres, but will now confine myself to one; and, as a proprietor of Drury-Lane, take the liberty of recommending, at once, a reduction from the present extravagant price of seven shillings to the old one of five. The theatre, which is capacious, would then fill, and the treasury would be sufficiently productive to the proprietors to make it worth their while to keep it open, even with an advance among themselves of six thousand pounds, which they state will be necessary to be raised, in order to enable them to take the field in the next campaign.

I am aware that much opposition will arise to this plan from performers, who look to benefits; but their ultimate benefit will be found in a disposition to make some sacrifice on their part: they should also keep in mind, that unless the proprietors benefit as well as themselves, it were better the corps should be disbanded, and the property sold for what it may realize.

Your correspondent speaks of distinctions being preserved among the company. I take it for granted the well-dressed auditors would resort to the lower boxes; and that those who do not take the trouble to alter their morning dress, would prefer the upper circles, which are not so conspicuous, and where a preference is given by those who wish to see and hear.

Yours, &c.

AN OLD STAGER.

Tavistock Place, June 9, 1818.

ON THE VARIATION OF THE ANGLES OF THE CALEIDOSCOPE.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Your correspondent, *Scientificus*, has, in your Eighth Number, p. 118, recommended, very judiciously, the introduction of a screw, in making Chaleidoscopes, for the purpose of shifting the reflecting mirrors, so as to produce a variety of angles. His advice is certainly good, where the instrument has not as yet been actually prepared on a different plan; but, as many persons have already constructed them of simple tubes of tin, it may perhaps be of some utility to them to be informed, how, with very little trouble, they may produce the same effect in those which have been made without any attention to this point.

To all who know how the reflecting glasses are placed, it is extremely clear, that they cannot be kept in any given situation, without a small piece of wood, to prevent them from falling together. And all that would be necessary, would be to procure several small pieces of wood, to form the different angles, two of which will be requisite for each change,

as one is to be placed at one end of the tube, and the other at the other end. Each piece should be equal in length to the breadth of that part of the tube where it is to be placed; and the lengths will vary, in proportion as the reflecting-glasses are placed more or less sloping: in each of the pieces of wood two niches should be made, to receive the glasses and keep them steady, (see fig. 1,) which should be so regulated, as that the angle produced should form some aliquot or proportional part of the circle, as a third, fourth, &c. And, indeed, different pieces of wood may be so prepared as to give each set (containing two circular pieces) one of the proportions; and so, in the whole, to produce all those mentioned by all your correspondents on this point. By removing the two pieces of wood, suited to one particular angle, and substituting in their stead two others, suited to this last, any angle or proportion may be obtained.

When applied in the instrument or tube, the pieces of wood, if the angle were regulated as one *fourth*, would be as in fig. 2.

If as one *eighth*, as in fig. 3. But, in the choice of the number of angles, care must be taken not to make the angle too small, as that would prevent the reflection from being sufficiently strong, and, consequently, the whole would appear too dark, particularly in the parts reflected.

Your very humble servant,

June 8, 1818.

J. S. H.

REFLECTORS OF THE CALEIDOSCOPE.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Having seen the many articles upon the subject of Caleidoscopes in your valuable Publication, I was induced to make several according to your directions, and I found that every one had a dark side; so much so, as in some instances to obscure half of the figure. Indeed, I have not seen one made in the usual way but what has this defect. I tried several, to obviate it, and at last succeeded. The only difference to be made, is to cover the glass with the finest white paint, instead of Brunswick black. If you think this worthy of insertion, you will oblige

Your constant reader,

EXPERIMENTOR.

Thursday, June 4, 1818.

HISTORY OF THE INVENTION

OF

DR. BREWSTER'S CALEIDOSCOPE.

[By a Correspondent.]

As the Caleidoscope has excited great curiosity, our readers will feel much interest in the history of its invention. In the year 1814, when Dr. Brewster was engaged in experiments on the polarisation of light by successive reflections between plates of glass, which were published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1815, and honoured by the Royal Society of London with the Copley Medal, the reflectors were, in some cases, inclined to each other; and he had occasion to remark the circular arrangement of the images of a candle round a centre, or the multiplication of the sectors formed by the extremities of the glass plates. In repeating, at a subsequent period, the experiments of M. Biot on the action of fluids upon light, Dr. B. placed the fluids in a trough formed by two plates of glass, cemented together at an angle. The eye being necessarily placed at one end, some of the cement, which had been pressed through between the plates, appeared to be arranged into a regular figure. The symmetry of this figure being very remarkable, Dr. B. set himself to investigate the cause of the phenomenon; and, in doing this, he discovered the leading principles of the Caleidoscope. He found, that in order to produce a perfectly beautiful and symmetrical form, three conditions were necessary:—

1. That the reflectors should be placed at an angle, which was an *even* or an *odd* aliquot part of a circle, when the object was regular; or the *even* aliquot part of a circle, when the object was irregular.

2. That out of an infinite number of positions for the object, both within and without the reflector, there was only one position where perfect symmetry could be obtained; namely, that in which the object was placed in contact with the ends of the reflectors.

3. That out of an infinite number of positions of the eye, there was only *one* where the symmetry was perfect; namely, as near as possible to the angular point, so that the circular field could be distinctly seen; and that this point was the only one, out of an infinite number, at which the uniformity of the light of the circular field was a maximum.

Upon these principles Dr. B. constructed an instrument, in which he fixed *permanently*, across the ends of the reflectors, pieces of coloured glass, and other irregular objects, and he showed the instrument, in this state, to some members of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, who were much struck with the beauty of the forms. In this case, however, the forms were nearly permanent, and a slight variation was produced, by varying the position of the instrument with respect to the light. The great step towards the completion of the instrument, however, remained yet to be made; and it was not till some time afterwards that the idea occurred to Dr. B., of *giving motion to objects, such as pieces of coloured glass, &c. which were either fixed, or placed loosely, in a cell at the end of the instrument.* When

this step was made, the Kaleidoscope, in its simple form, was completed.

In this state, however, the Kaleidoscope could not be considered as a general philosophical instrument of universal application; for it was incapable of producing beautiful forms, unless the object was nearly in perfect contact with the end of the reflectors.

The next, and by far the most important step of the invention, was, therefore, to remove this limitation, by employing a draw-tube and lens, by means of which beautiful forms could be created from objects of all sizes, and at all distances from the observer. In this way, the power of the Kaleidoscope was indefinitely extended; and every object in nature could be introduced into the picture, in the same manner as if these objects had been reduced in size, and actually placed at the end of the reflectors.

The few who are capable of understanding the principles and construction of Dr. Brewster's patent instrument, cannot for a moment doubt, not only that this instrument produces effects which cannot possibly be produced by any combinations of mirrors that have hitherto been described, but that the very principles of its construction, and the determination of the positions of symmetry, were never before investigated by any optical author.

FRENCH CLAIMS

ON THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

"THE French, it appears, have made a grand improvement in this extraordinary trifle. Ours, say they, was produced in the very infancy of the art. The Parisian artist, by means of a screw, makes the angle between the internal reflectors gradually more obtuse, and thus gives the flower increased richness, and, by the gradual expansion, greatly increased beauty. He has, moreover, painted upon glass a variety of flowers, landscapes, fanciful figures, and human faces. He has even introduced little whole-length portraits of Francis I, Henry IV, and Louis XVIII."—So says a French paper. For the "screw," see the letter of "Scientificus," in a former Number of the Literary Journal, and that of J. S. H. in the present; and for all the rest, see the kaleidoscopes in our own shops!

PICTORIAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—In the criticism on the Oil and Water Colour Exhibition, in your last Number, the writer intimates that he has "something to say of Glover, the fashionable idol;" and talks about butterflies and wheels in a manner arrogant enough for an Edinburgh reviewer: yet he knows, or ought to know, that Glover, (that is JOHN Glover) has not been a member of, or exhibitor in, that society for some time. The Glover whose productions he has there seen, is a son of the first-mentioned artist, with a different Christian name; and, I think, I can take upon myself to say, that almost any unprejudiced person would have known the difference between their performances. Of the injustice, too, of such a wholesale condemnation, I say nothing.

I am, Sir, &c.

T. W.

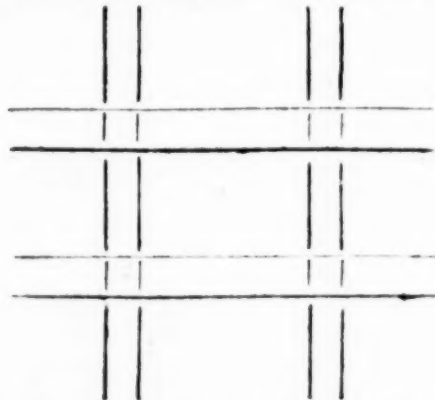
THE TOY IN FASHION.

A country puppy, just come up to town—
Of little merit, but with more
Of self-conceit than might have serv'd for four;
On a park-seat had sat him down—
(The lounge's seat); when near he sees
A lovely woman shaded by the trees,
Who long in fond attention stands,
Holding a spy-glass in her hands
Pointed at him—on seeing this,
Think what was our young fopling's bliss!
And how it grows, as she advancing nearer,
Says loud enough for him to hear her—
"Sweet! lovely! what enchanting beauty!"
Then up he springs—and cries—
As bound indeed in duty—
"Can this poor face find favour in your eyes?
My soul's on fire! how bless'd the spot
Where first I met thee!"—"Sir, I know you not"—
"But you were looking at me."—"No—I never
saw you—
All my attention on a flower was bent!"
"Why, on my soul, I swear that instrument
On me was turn'd."—"Well, what conclusion
draw you?
You were not seen—so pray check all this
passion—
'Tis the Kaleidoscope—The Toy in Fashion."
Ye Northern critics know all idle is hope,
That Europe's eyes are now upon you bent:
This tale to check your vanity is meant—
Think, when it mounts, on the KALEIDOSCOPE.

CHINESE LIFE-PRESERVER.

THE following account of the method employed by the Chinese to preserve themselves from drowning, appeared in the London Magazine for 1759.

In the year 1730, says the writer, I was passenger in a ship from Batavia to China, burthen about 400 tons, called the Pridade, Francisco Xavier, commander, freighted by English, Chinese, and Portuguese. Near the coast of China we met one of those storms called a tutfoon, (*tau fong*), or a great wind, which carried away all our masts, bowsprit, and rudder; and in our hold we had six feet of water, expecting every moment the ship would founder. We consequently were consulting our preservation. The English and Portuguese stood in their shirts only, ready to be thrown off; but the Chinese merchants came upon deck, not in a cork jacket, but I will call it a bamboo habit, which had lain ready in their chests against such dangers; and it was thus constructed: four bamboos, two before, and two behind their bodies, were placed horizontally, and projected about twenty-eight inches: these were crossed on each side by two others, and the whole properly secured, leaving a space for their body; so



that they had only to put it over their heads, and tie the same securely, which was done in two minutes; and we were satisfied they could not possibly sink. The shape is given above.

THE RACEHORSE AND GREYHOUND.

VARIOUS have been the opinions upon the difference of speed between a well-bred greyhound and a blood-horse of some celebrity, if opposed to each other for a mile, or for a greater or shorter distance. It has been stated by the best and most experienced judges, that, upon a flat, a horse of this description would be superior to the greyhound, for either an extended or contracted distance; but that in a hilly country the greyhound would have an evident advantage. Wishes had been frequently indulged by different branches of the sporting world, that some criterion could be adopted by which the superiority in speed could be fairly ascertained; when, after a variety of suggestions and propositions from one quarter to another, without success, the following circumstance accidentally took place, affording some rays of information upon what was previously considered a matter of great uncertainty:—In the month of December, 1800, a match was to have been run over Doncaster race-course for one hundred guineas, but one of the horses having been drawn, a mare started alone, that, by running the ground, she might ensure the wager; when, having run about one mile in the four, she was accompanied by a greyhound bitch, who joined her from the side of the course, and emulatively entering into the competition, continued to race with the mare for the other three miles, keeping nearly head and head, affording an excellent treat to the field by the energetic exertions of each. At passing the distance post, five to four was betted in favour of the greyhound; when parallel with the stand, it was even betting, and any person might have taken his choice from five to ten: the mare, however, had the advantage by a head at the determination.

LITERARY REWARD.

THE laborious antiquary, John Stowe, after dedicating the greatest part of a life, extended far beyond the usual period of existence, to researches in which the public were essentially interested, when suffering under the tortures of an excruciating disease, and upon the very verge of the grave, was obliged to ask alms of his fellow-citizens and countrymen. However strange this may seem, it is nevertheless true, that, in the year 1604, this worthy citizen obtained from that learned monarch, and great encourager of learning, James the First, a license to collect "the charitable benevolence of well-disposed people" for his subsistence. In this *Brief*, his various labours for forty-five years, spent in composing his Annals, and also eight years dedicated to his Survey of London, his merit and his age, are mentioned; and power was given to him, or his deputies, to ask charity at the different churches through a considerable number of counties and cities in England, with an exhortation and persuasion to persons to contribute their mites. This was in the second year of the king. A letter from the king on the same subject is also extant, on the back of which seven shillings and sixpence are set down as the subscription of the parish of St. Mary Woolnoth, with the churchwarden's name endorsed.

T E A.



S L O E.



THE TEA AND THE SLOE.

AFTER having, in our preceding Number, called the attention of our readers to the highly deleterious properties which physicians attribute to the Sloe-leaf, and consequently to the very serious consequences which belong to its fraudulent mixture with Tea, we have thought it impossible to do a service more opportune to the public, than that of presenting it with accurate figures of the respective leaves of the two trees. Amusement is the design of this Paper, but amusement which has improvement for its end; and not casual improvement, but such as the occurrences of the moment especially call for, or suggest. The practice of adulterating Tea by the admixture of the Sloe-leaf is by no means new, nor will the detections and punishments* which have taken place prevent a repetition of the crime. Now, there is no means by which the public can so well be protected against a poisonous drug, and the murderous dealer so effectually checked, as by rendering every eye familiar with the visible differences between the true commodity and the substituted one. This familiarity with the visible differences will also be a step toward the discovery of the imposture by means of the palate only; for when the two leaves are once accurately distinguished, a knowledge of their respective flavours will naturally follow.

There is also another view in which this

investigation is of importance. For any thing which, except by our means, has hitherto been placed before the public, the Sloe-leaf, though a spurious commodity when sold as Tea, might afford a harmless vegetable infusion, and go commended to the poor and the frugal as a cheap succedaneum for the Chinese vegetable*: nay, some patriots might take up the question, and vindicate the use of a domestic product, in lieu of a foreign luxury. The phrase hitherto employed is "*Imitation Tea*," and not that which ought to be adopted, namely, "*Poison Tea*;" and all the compromising notions just above adverted to, might seem to receive support from the words of Dr. Withering, in his *Arrangement of English Plants*; which runs, "The tender leaves [of the Sloe,] dried, are sometimes used as a substitute for Tea, and ARE THE BEST SUBSTITUTE THAT HAS HITHERTO BEEN DISCOVERED." Now, it might escape observation, that the sense in which Sloe-leaves are here called "the best substitute" for Tea, is, that they are the *most easily mistaken for it*, and not that they are its most true resemblance! Sir James Smith, as cited in our preceding Number, has told us, that the

* A spurious article of food is not necessarily an unwholesome one. We do not know that the adulterations of Coffee, though they are fraudulent, are poisonous. It is certain that a variety of vegetable substances are every where used in place of Coffee; and, where they are not sold as Coffee, we are not aware that much mischief is done. Families, in the United States of America, very frequently substitute roasted grain for Coffee. It may even be said, that as peas, beans, &c. are the growth of our domestic soil, their consumption is even to be preferred, under a national aspect, to the consumption of Coffee, even though the latter should be the growth of British Colonies. We say no more, than that we believe, with respect to Coffee, the principal evil of adulteration, or imitation, to be *the fraud*; but it is otherwise with Tea.

green parts of all the plum and cherry tribe are highly poisonous, &c.* The truth is, that the Sloe is allied to the Laurel†, the deleterious qualities of which are sufficiently celebrated.

The importance of distinguishing between the two leaves is now obvious. Fortunately, few leaves have less resemblance to each other, if ever so carelessly examined. The sides of the Tea-leaf have large jags, teeth, or serratures; the leaf itself is long and narrow, and the end, or extremity, is *pointed*. The Sloe-leaf is short, has only minute serratures, and the whole is *broad or rounded*. Our ladies are our Tea-makers; let them study the leaf as well as the liquor; they draw plants and flowers—let them draw the Tea-plant, with its leaves and its flowers—let them also draw the Sloe—let them become familiar with both vegetables, with their forms, colours, flavours, and scents—let us drink our Tea upon the responsibility of our wives, daughters, and sisters, and not upon that of our grocers. Let every female distinguish Tea-leaves from Sloe-leaves, as well as if she had served an apprenticeship in the warehouse in Leadenhall-street. Our figures are sufficient to lead them the first step. Let them wet and spread out the leaves which come from their grocers, and let them be compared with our figures. Let them form Herbaries, and collect specimens of the Tea-leaf. There is but one species of Tea; but the different ages at which the leaves are gathered occasion some variations of form, even amongst the genuine leaves. Still, all the genuine leaves have one distinguishing character; they differ among themselves, but they are all unlike the Sloe-leaf.

(To be continued.)

* Some of our punishments are represented to be too severe, but many more are much too mild, and are wholly inadequate to the purpose of deterring offenders from a repetition of the crime. It is probable that not a single grocer, of those lately fined, will desist from his nefarious practices; the profits of which have long ago enabled him to meet the trivial loss which attends a conviction, and will again speedily reimburse him in all that he has just been forced to pay.

* See Literary Journal, No. 12, p. 185.

† The genus PRUNUS, or Plum, includes the Plum, Cherry, Peach, Bay, Laurel, &c.

ABUSE OF CHARITIES.

LETTERS

TO

HENRY BROUGHAM, Esq. M.P.

(Continued from our last, p. 185.)

LETTER II.

SIR,—Those laws must be defective which are framed, even by the wisest legislatures, without an intimate knowledge of the subject to which they relate having been previously obtained: this knowledge is not only necessary in order that the law-maker may be enabled to meet every delinquency with its peculiar and proper antidote; but that he may also judge what degree of restriction or coercion, or, perchance, of relaxation, to apply. It is from a want of this knowledge that some of our laws have been made unnecessarily severe, and others lamentably defective, in penal enactment. Let me, therefore, sir, urge the absolute necessity of a minute and extensive inquiry, before you introduce any law that shall be intended as a permanent measure, into the abuses as well as the extent and present circumstances of the charities. I know, sir, that you will be told, when your bill (whether it be for inquiry or for reformation,) shall be submitted to the consideration of the legislature, that the Court of Chancery is open to all His Majesty's subjects, and that that court is the proper place for those who complain of abuse in any charity, to seek for redress. A more upright, conscientious, indefatigable judge never presided in that court than he who now holds the seals. Irreproachable in his high offices, he devotes more time to the execution of the duties they demand of him than any of his predecessors have ever allowed. But, notwithstanding those virtuous and laborious exertions, I venture boldly to assert, that the Court of Chancery is not a fit place for reference of these matters. Nay, sir, it will be almost an insult to you, and it will be a complete mockery of the poor, if your bill shall be thrown out of either house of parliament, upon the plea that redress may be obtained in that court. I do not say, sir, that the court is incompetent to afford redress,—I do not say that the judges of that court are not inclined to attend to the affairs of charities.—No, sir; nor that it is improper to institute proceedings in that court. But, sir, I say, that, with respect to the greater charities, it is a pity they should be driven into that court, and that the smaller ones would be absorbed by it. There is one charity, which I shall more particularly mention at another time, and which has been in Chancery ONE HUNDRED AND NINE YEARS! Is this one of those cases in which the poor parishioners are mocked with the belief that their wrongs are to be redressed? What comfort is it to them, that generations after generations of them fade away without participating in the munificence of their benefactor? No blame can be imputed to the court, or to the chancellor, for delay of judgment in this case. Lords Harcourt, Cowper, Macclesfield, King, Talbot, Hardwicke, Northington, Camden, Bathurst, Thurlow, Loughborough, successively left it; and it is to be presumed their successors must leave it undecided. I grant

that this is an extreme case; but, for that very reason, does it peculiarly become an object of inquiry under some new form of inquisition. I say a *new form*; for you know, sir, that, according to the constitution of the Court of Chancery, it cannot take parole evidence,—it cannot call up witnesses and examine them in open court. The only evidence of facts which it can obtain, is obtained by written interrogatories, which are sent to the party to be examined, and who has a long time allowed him to dwell upon the questions, and to prepare his answers with deliberation. He has, therefore, no fear of making an inadvertent admission, which might give a clue to the discovery of the real facts: but, if he is an interested party, which generally must be the case, his answer is so contrived as to be sufficient to meet the interrogatories in word, but not in spirit. The inquiry, sir, which your bill proposed, would have proceeded in a *new form*: it would have sifted and scrutinized in person: it would not have given time for devising evasive answers, by which the real merits of the case might be concealed: it would have obtained a complete view of all the facts in one day, which the Court of Chancery has not been able to do in *one hundred and nine years*! This is the essential difference between the two modes of proceeding; and I would ask any person of common sense, whether the result would not be also essentially different? I am speaking, sir, of charities only,—I am speaking of inquiry only: I desire to be distinctly understood, that I am not proposing or dreaming of any alteration in the Court of Chancery. I am only urging the necessity of inquiring into the nature, extent, situation, and circumstances of the charities, in the cheapest, readiest, plainest, and most effectual way. It may, perhaps, be too late, from the number of years which have passed away, to hope for much beneficial information relative to the charity above alluded to, from your bill of inquiry; but let it be a buoy to designate the fatal rock, in order that other charities may not be wrecked. Let the inquiry instantly proceed, lest witnesses, now living, be swept away, and with them all memory of facts that might be necessary to substantiate some other valuable donation.

The number of charities which have been locked up in the Court of Chancery for long periods of time is very great; and the parish, or the persons intended to be benefited by them, have consequently been proportionably injured. For the present, I shall abstain from citing instances; but I will cite abundance of them in due time. My present business is to guard you and the country from believing that no bill for inquiry is necessary. The act of 52 Geo. III, cap. 102, authorising a summary decision in affairs of charities, plainly acknowledged what I here assert, that the mode of proceeding in the Court of Chancery, so far as it relates to charities, required alteration; and an alteration was attempted by that act. That it has failed to produce any beneficial consequences, does not destroy the evidence, which the fact of its enactment establishes, that the legislature thought some alteration necessary. The act was unfortunately discovered to be wholly nugatory, and the

courts of equity have been obliged virtually to repeal it, by making parties, who seek for redress in charities, proceed in the old way of information and bill in equity. Now, sir, that act was framed by a person who could not have had that kind of knowledge of the subject, which I insisted upon as being necessary in my first letter to you; and I caution you against a similar failure, to which you might be liable by legislating before you inquire.

Thus far, then, for the present, as to injuries sustained by the necessary delays of the Court of Chancery, and of the failure of the only attempt which has been made by the legislature to prevent them: and, being thus referred back to the old-fashioned process, I shall shortly consider whether that is, or is not, so effectual as to afford a sufficient ground of objection to your measure of inquiry, and to any ulterior enactment which may be founded on it. The common mode of application for redress to the Court of Chancery is, not by the trustees, unless when they desire to have their powers extended; not by the objects of the charity, for their poverty and their ignorance forbid it; but by some person or persons in the neighbourhood, who may be honest enough to be scandalized at the practices they may have observed, and who, with the nominal and official consent of the attorney-general, file a bill, and therein relate their suppositions as to the abuses they imagine to exist, and pray the court to compel the trustees, or other parties, to answer certain interrogatories, upon which bill and answers the court is to decide. Now, it is most likely to happen that the volunteers in this suit are not acquainted with all the particulars which ought to have been known for them, that they might have made the complaint full and complete, so as to comprehend all the necessary parties, or all the actual abuses: if, therefore, any new matter comes to light out of the answers to the interrogatories, or from any subsequent information, the bill must be amended, and so on *toties quoties*. The parties begin to be alarmed at the probable delay and expense which will be thus entailed upon them and their heirs, and they either suffer the suit to be starved to death, or they take a judgment on the original abuses which they had enumerated. In the latter case, the abuses which are not abolished, because not comprehended in the bill, seem to be confirmed, and the charity, *quoad hæc*, is perverted from its original destination. Suppose, for example, that the master and poor men of an hospital should, by their statutes, be compelled to reside, but that they may have omitted so to do; that I file a bill, to compel the residence of the poor men, omitting, from ignorance of the statutes, which I am not permitted to see, to include the failure of obedience to the founder's will in the master; and that a decree of residence should be pronounced, as far as relates to the poor men only, I having been unwilling to be at the expense, and await the delay, of amending my bill, it would appear that the chancellor, by such a decree, sanctioned the non-residence of the master. It is true, it would only be in appearance; but, with respect to maintaining the donor's will, the appearance would be as bad as the reality;

for, who would know any thing to the contrary, or, if he knew it, hazard another suit?

I shall pursue this subject at another opportunity. I must also postpone all notice of chancery suits to recover the smaller donations; and, in the mean-time,
June 8, 1818. I am, &c.

ABUSE No. IV.—*Evershot.*

John Wilkins, and Grace, his wife, by deed, dated 21st December, 1732, gave certain lands therein mentioned, the rents thereof to be applied to the maintenance of a schoolmaster, for teaching and clothing poor children, and for the benefit of the poor of the parish of Evershot, near Beaminster, in Dorsetshire: the property was vested in several trustees. See Boswell's *Nomina Villarum* for the county of Dorset, page 29 of the Charities. Upon the death of the trustees, no master was appointed when a vacancy took place; and the lands, which consist of twenty acres of pasture, called Gorwell's, and thirteen acres of dairy land, called Lewcombe Woods, with seven or eight acres allotted upon an inclosure to the said estate, in lieu of right of common, were occupied by George Donisthorpe, Esq., until his death, which happened about forty years ago; and it is understood that he kept an account of the rents and profits, expecting to be one day or other called upon for the same. Upon his decease, his son, the late George Donisthorpe, (who died about eight years ago,) refused to have any thing to do with the estate, knowing he had no right to it. One John Bartlett, a woolstapler, of Evershot, entered upon the lands on the death of the first-named Mr. Donisthorpe, kept possession, and occupied them many years, and ultimately, by his will, devised them to his five daughters. Four parts of this estate came afterwards to Thomas Bartlett, the son of John Bartlett, who has sold it.

This estate has been lost to the poor, by the neglect of renewing trustees in due time. A bill was filed in chancery to recover and establish this charity, on which a decree was obtained from the master of the rolls, on the 7th July, 1750, and it was then referred to the master, to take an account of the arrears, &c. This bill lingered on till all the parties died, and then a bill of revival was filed, to compel obedience to the former bill; but it seems that the Evershot people set the Court of Chancery at defiance.

ABUSE No. 5.—*Barton-Bendish.*

It appears by Clark's *Norfolk Charities*, as well as by the terrier of the parish, that the Rev. Richard Jones, in the year 1782, left two hundred pounds in the public funds, the interest thereof for ever to be employed in the education of seven poor girls in the town of Barton-Bendish. This sum was vested in three trustees, of whom Sir John Berney, bart. is the sole survivor. The interest of this money has not been applied for more than twenty years.

The accumulation of this money ought now to double the original bequest, and, at all events, would afford means of providing a room, where the purposes of the donation might be fulfilled. A chancery suit, instituted to recover this money, would just about eat it all up; so that

the poor girls are certain of being deprived of it, either by Sir John Berney's continuing to withhold it, or by succeeding in recovering it from him. I do not impute any blame to Sir John: it may be that the worthy baronet refuses to pay the money because the girls are not taught.

ABUSE No. VI.—*North-Walsham.*

On the entrance of the town of North-Walsham, from the Norwich road, is the "Free Grammar School," founded by Sir William Paston, by deed, dated 1st Oct. 1606, for the purpose of teaching ("free") forty scholars, who are to be children of such inhabitants as shall reside within the hundreds of North Erpingham, Tunstead, Happing, East Flegg, and West Flegg. Under the two late masters, and for some years under the present, no free boys were admitted into the school. About five years back, Mr. Dix, a respectable surgeon, at Smallburgh, obtained a recommendation for his son; and, since that time, about half a dozen have been admitted "free" into the school: but it is reported they are reluctantly received, and have not equal advantages with other boys who are not free. There are now only three boys on the foundation. This charity is endowed with the rectory and church of Horsey, the advowson of the vicarage, and one hundred and twenty acres of land in Horsey, and forty-one acres and one rood of excellent land in Walcot, in the county of Norfolk. The present rents are about four hundred pounds a-year.

So that here is an ample income to educate the "forty scholars," and yet only three are admitted. I do not say that any are prevented from coming, but it must be evident that they are not encouraged to apply for instruction. The Rev. William Tydney Spuders is the present master, and the trustees are highly respectable. How did it happen that for so many years no one received the benefits of this charity?

ABUSE No. VII.—*Stoke-upon-Trent.*

There is a piece of land, about five acres, worth one thousand pounds, that belongs to an old school, where not a single child is taught. *It is in the hands of a trustee*; and, as the funds are not applied, it is not difficult to guess what becomes of the rent. It is easily recoverable, as the best-informed persons in that neighbourhood believe: but they say, that the fear of offending the trustee deters some, and the expense of recovering the same keeps back others from suing in chancery on behalf of the poor.

When charity land gets into the hands of the trustees themselves, a highly reprehensible and perfectly illegal disposition of it, the charity can never prosper.

ABUSE No. VIII.—*St. Mabyn.*

Francis Godolphin, by a codicil to his will, gave five hundred pounds for founding a school in this parish*: but this sum has never been received, and the parishioners appear to be puzzled about the proper mode of proceeding to recover it. The natural consequence is, that Godolphin's heirs are richer in proportion as the parish is poorer, by five hundred pounds.

* St. Mabyn.

Fugitive Poetry.

TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY E. A. KENDALL, ESQ., F. A. S.

Come, simular of Joy! thy baleful hand
Spread, Disappointment, o'er these blooming
flowers!

Come, that approach'dst me with sweet aspect
bland,

Fair winning smile, and voice of happy hours!
Come, fiend malignant! thy foul form reveal,
Thy dark, cold features, flinty bosom, own;
Show thy hard hand, that to the wretch can deal
For fish a serpent, and for bread a stone:
Come! thou shalt me, against thy will, befriend;
And, whilst thou shak'st each pillar of my heart,
And, whilst thou wouldst Hope's straining cables
rend,

Thou shalt high Wisdom's saying lore impart,
Withdraw my leaning arm, new nerve my force,
And send me, victor o'er thee, on my course!

TO THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

Yes, Disappointment, of full many a joy
Thou stern disposer, at whose frown depart
The timid Pleasures—thou canst rob my heart,
And, at thy bidding, my poor life annoy!
Yes, thou canst dash away the cup I raise
To these parch'd lips; canst wake the gale,
And rough the smooth sea, when I spread the
sail;
Canst break the branch where my dependence
stays:

Yes, thou canst rob me, canst afflict me, still;
From my fond hands each little treasure wring;
And sorrows hourly to my bosom bring;
But yet not all things hast thou at thy will!
It is not thine, un pitying Power, to tear
From this armed breast the jewel that I wear!

TO THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

I know thee, blaster of the buds of spring!
Fell Disappointment, that dost cankering eat
The rose's bloom, and spoil the berry sweet,
And 'mid the young corn light with locust-wing!
I know thee, in thy gauzy garment drest,
Apples of ashes in thy hand that bear'st,
Wreaths of false flowers and hollow shells that
wear'st,

A reed thy hand-staff, and a cloud thy crest!
I know thee, curst Enchanter! that employ'st
Thy wand to close each prospect that doth ope
At the blest call of that good wizard, Hope,
And what he deftly buildeth still destroy'st!
I know thy form, thy garb, thy strong control,
Yet dare defy thee in my fixed soul!

TO THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

So, as the pilgrim, on that desert bare,
Travelling all day across the thirsty land,
Where white waves rise, a stormy sea of sand,
On, with worn limbs, and heavy heart, doth fare;
But, when, before his eyes, there stretches wide
Fair water, as he deems, in which the skies,
Reflected there, behold their own sweet dyes,
And where tall shadows bathe, the palm-tree's
pride,

Then leaps for joy, and only counts the way
That is between him and those pleasant banks,
And lifts to Heaven his sunken eye in thanks—
But still finds sand, where seemed water lay*;
So, I, MARIA, have but hoped in vain,
And, from my hope, draw but my newer pain!

* The *mirage*, or reflection, an optical illusion which presents the appearance of water in sandy deserts. The explanation is, that the polished surfaces of the particles of fine sand reflect the rays of light in the same manner as those of the particles of water.

TO THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

Thou noted promise-breaker, that between
The lover step'st and his fair mistress dear,
When as, bright Venus' star beneath, the green
He paces soft, but can no signal hear;
No whisper by the blind-boy taught; no sound
Of tender feet;—and, vainly peering, tries,
E'er yet, returning oft, he leave the ground,
That shape to see for which all day he sighs!
Thou, that from day to day, th' expected sail
Deny'st the anxious merchant on the strand;
Thou, that hast filled with woe so many a tale,
And lay'st on me, at every turn, thy hand!
Hard-hearted Disappointment! oh that verse
Not failed my Muse, when I thy deeds rehearse!

TO THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

Oh! not thy strength, but others' weakness, see,
Supporter, Disappointment, of thy reign!
There are that own no vassalage to thee,
And all thy power, and all thy wit, disdain!
The infirm sea thou may'st in high waves heave,
And wreck the gay ship on the look'd-for shore
Time's vexu form thou may'st of bliss bereave,
Blight the frail herb, and blast the fruit it bore;
His golden promise pluck from tender youth,
Make spoil of beauty's evanescent snow,
Fortune's unstable smile, and Friendship's truth,
And, from unconstant breasts, work True-love's
woe:
Such are thy triumphs; but nor might, nor art,
Can take from me my rest in MARY's heart!
Philadelphia, 1806*.

* The author had been reading Shakspeare's Sonnets, among which is a string of *seventeen* against Celibacy. *Disappointment* of the receipt of letters from England supplied the theme for his *tirade*, which he entertained a momentary design of extending to a greater length; but, after a single moving, the fit went off, leaving him only the above beginnings.

THE DEAD BODY OF A MAN DYING
DRUNK PUT INTO THE FIRE.

Extract from the Register of Iken, in Suffolk.

Sepulchrum, 1669,

Edwardus Reeve, nuper de Iken Hall, rediens, die Veneris decimo Novembris, a Saxmundham; super impletus (nocturno tempore) fortioribus liquoribus, de equo ipsius decidens, confregit collum ejus, ad subitaneam ipsius et horrendam mortem; qui versus matutinum tempus inventus fuit per Thomam Crane, de Sudbourn, mortuus; et proximo die, vespertino tempore, in ignem positus.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

A Fragment.

"YE shall not surely die," said the serpent to the mother of mankind, and he was believed. Our first parents had not yet seen death: not a beast had lain lifeless in the field; not a bird had fallen from a bough, to startle them at this new intruder. Innocence preserved their health unchanged: innocence made them immortal. Conscious of no weakness, of no decay, it is not so surprising that they were deceived by the Tempter's promise. But for us, their unhappy children, whose eyes are continually struck with the image of mortality—for us, who witness it each day in others, and by our own infirmities experience it in ourselves—for us to listen, like our first mother, to the flattering

promise, "Ye shall not surely die," were incredible, were it not too common. By a thousand illusions, by a thousand false hopes that mislead, we strive to banish the thought of a dying hour.—When in sickness, we are not to die in this malady; when in youth, it is unlikely; when in age, others are older than ourselves.—Thus to us every conjuncture affords its consolation.

THE WEATHER.

THE German papers speak much of the prophecies of M. Dittmar, a physician, who published, in the month of March last, a volume, in which he prognosticates the kind of weather which we are to have during the summer. "April (he says) will be fine; but in the first half of the month of May the melting of the polar ices will cause a short cold, which, towards the end of the month, will be succeeded by great heats." M. Dittmar assures us, that during June, July, August, and September, the heat will go on increasing. The harvest of grain will be immense in humid situations. The vintage will be abundant, and the wine of an excellent quality. The fruits will be so abundant, that it will scarcely be known what to do with them. The apples, in the cider-counties in England, promise to be very abundant: but, to abate our emulation at the prospect of the fulfilment of M. Dittmar's prophecies, we must remember, that a season in which fruit is abundant is always a sickly season!

LITERATURE.

Magna Charta.—There is preparing for publication, in one volume royal octavo, an Historical and Biographical Essay on the Magna Charta of King John, embellished with an engraving of that sovereign's Great Seal. The volume will also contain an accurate translation of the above celebrated instrument, with notes illustrative of the liberties it conveys, and the historical events connected with its execution: biographical sketches of the principal persons who were engaged in that transaction, are intended to be affixed to the latter part. The Memoirs to consist of the following: King John, Pope Innocent the Third, Philip the Second, King of France, Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert Fitz-Walter the Baronial-General, and Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent. The armorial ensigns, engraved on wood, will be attached to each character.

Brazil.—Prince Maximilian de Neuwied, who travelled in the interior of Brazil during the years 1815, 1816, and 1817, has returned to Europe. He has brought with him a valuable collection of plants and minerals; and has caused to be educated in the European manner, a young female savage, of the tribe of Botocodus, who would feed on human flesh in preference to any other, if she could procure it. The Prince is about to publish, in 4 vols. 4to. an account of his travels, accompanied by many maps, views, and figures. This account will throw a great light on the interior of Brazil, which the Prince has traversed with many facilities not to be enjoyed by all travellers. That country, for ten years past the residence of the royal family of Portugal, is still very little known. The Prince de Neuwied has travelled

it with particular attention; and the result of his exertions has been of the highest importance, especially to natural history, which he has enriched with many discoveries.

Annals of Philosophy.—On consulting, a few days since, one of the recent numbers of the Annals of Philosophy, we observed with much regret, the very indifferent, and often unintelligible manner in which the translations from the French, inserted in that work, are at present too commonly performed.

FOREIGN.

British Travellers distinguished.—In a collection of voyages, intended to convey information on an extensive scale, the first two volumes of which are lately published in Hungary, we have the pleasure to see that the first place is allotted to our lamented countryman Mungo Parke's Travels into the interior of Africa. This is followed by Stephen Marchand's Voyage round the World in 1790, 1791, 1792; and that, by an extract from the famous expedition of Sir Francis Drake.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

May 29, to June 4.

ANTIQUITIES.

Pompeiana; the Topography, Edifices and Ornaments of Pompeii. By Sir Wm. Gell, F.R.S. &c. and John P. Gandy, Architect. No. 8. Royal 8vo. 8s. 4to. 12s.
Graphic and Historical Descriptions of the Cathedrals of Great Britain. No. 27, (Bagnor Cathedral.) Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. Super Royal 8vo. 12s. 4to. 1l. 1s.
The History of the Royal Residences of Windsor, Frogmore, Hampton Court, Kensington, and St. James's Palaces, Buckingham House, and Carlton House. Illustrated by 100 Engravings, &c. No. 13. Elephant 4to. 1l. 1s. large paper, 1l. 11s. 6d.
Notitia Architectonica: or concise Notices of the Buildings and Architects of Italy. By Joseph Gwilt, 8vo. 10s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A Bibliographical Account of the Principal Works relating to English Topography. By William Upton, of the London Institution. 3 vols. 8vo. 3l. 9s.
A Catalogue of Manuscripts, formerly in the possession of Francis Hargrave, Esq. now deposited in the British Museum. 4to. 12s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Mémoires Secrets sur la Vie Privée, Politique et Littéraire, de Lucien Bonaparte. 2 tomes, 8vo. 18s.
Biographical Conversations on the most Eminent Voyagers of different Nations, from Columbus to Cook. By the Rev. W. Bingley. 12mo. 6s. 6d.
Contemporary British Portraits; with short Biographical Notices. No. 24. Imperial 4to. 1l. 5s. fol. proofs, 1l. 16s.
Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin, LL.D. F.R.S., &c. Written by himself to a late period, and continued by his Grandson, W. Temple Franklin. Second Edition. 2 vols, 8vo. 1l. 8s.

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KNOWLEDGE AND SCIENCE.

Extraordinary Fish.—A large and most remarkable fish was lately thrown ashore at Largs, near Greenock. It measured exactly nine feet six inches and a half from the tip of the snout to the extremity of the tail, and was covered with hard scales on the back, arranged in diagonal lines, and in shape much resembling a double wedge. Its circumference, at the thickest part, eight feet nine inches; about which place there were also three parallel luminous rings, of a bright gold colour. The belly was of a greyish leaden blue, diversified with round black spots; and the ventral fins, which were three in number, when extended, displayed a beautiful purplish tinge, fringed with a bright yellow. What distinguishes this fish from all others is, that it wants the caudal fin, in lieu of which it is furnished with a long and apparently elastic membrane, measuring fourteen inches, and of an oblong elliptical shape. Its mouth is large in proportion to the size of its body, and the muscles of it are seemingly of great strength. It has a triple row of very large teeth; and in the upper jaw proceed two horny excrescences, resembling in shape the tusks of a boar; the under jaw is barbed, and has corresponding sockets for the reception of the excrescences. Trysild, in his *Biscrivilse Norsk Topographisk*, takes notice of a fish that was caught by some Norwegian fishermen off the Feroe Islands, that agreed with the one now described, but which was of infinitely larger dimensions; and in this account he is corroborated by Strom and Olaus Wormius, who both mention a similar one that had been stranded in Iceland, in the year 1630. The fish was conveyed to Ayr for dissection; and further particulars will shortly be laid before the public.

The Arts.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LIVING, as we do, far from the scene of artistical politics; and ignorant as we are of the principles on which the hanging of the pictures at Somerset House is conducted, we have often, in the simplicity of our hearts, conceived that an arrangement might be made of the different works, which would be much more agreeable to the public, and much more beneficial to the professors, than the one now adopted. Long established custom seems to have made it necessary that pictures of every description, good, bad, and indifferent, should be admitted into this national exhibition: but this monstrous mass of matter, confused and heterogeneous as it confessedly is, may still be capable of some classification,—for instance, the new room, now called the school of painting, might be devoted entirely to pictures of a poetic character;—and the great room, as exclusively to portraits:—the anti-room, and the apartment below stairs, would receive the remainder of the motley assemblage. An arrangement of this kind would be pregnant with advantages. The likeness hunters, who visit the exhibition merely to see the portraits of their friends, would be able to go at once to their point, without the fear of having their attention drawn off by any thing that should raise them above the ordinary scenes

of life; they need not even enter the school of painting: this room would be left entirely to the very small portion of the public who can think and feel; and, that such might not be interrupted in their enjoyment of what is intellectual in art, it would be well to close the door of communication, and to enter the new room only from the stairs.

It will be evident, we suppose, to most of our readers, that there is a class of pictures addressed to the imagination, which, in the course of these essays, we have been accustomed to call poetical:—a composition of lines only may be poetical, as well as one of light and shadow, or colour. Raphael and Michael Angelo were poetical; so were Titian and Rembrandt: but, to make ourselves still better understood, we will confine our observations to the present exhibition: we will suppose an arrangement, such as we have suggested, to take place, and that the room, called the school of painting, be appropriated to this particular class of pictures. What are the works then, in the present exhibition, which would be entitled to the high distinction of a place in so select an assemblage? We should begin by excluding those of the president. Whatever other talents Mr. West may possess, no one will venture to assert that the gods have made him poetical. Neither Mr. Northcote's *Condemned Rebel*, nor Mr. Harlowe's *Miracle*, would find a place in this room; nor could we admit the pictures of Mr. Westall; they are much too fine to have any claim to the poetical character. Mr. Bird's *Death of Saphira*, is equally inadmissible; and, above all, the abortive attempt by Turner, called in the catalogue, *The Field of Waterloo*, and his still more detestable fox hunting picture, which we consider a disgrace to his great talents. If there is one man in existence whose works possess the quality of which we are speaking in a higher degree than another, it is Turner; but we should be sorry to carry our admiration of his genius so far as to tolerate his failures, or applaud his errors.

But, lest our readers should be alarmed for their friends and favourites, and begin to imagine that we intend to find nothing worthy of this enviable distinction, we will proceed to enumerate those works which rank the highest in our estimation, and which, on our present plan, we should wish to see drawn together into one point. Let Hilton's picture then stand where it is, in the very centre of the school of painting; let Howard's *Fairies*, and Stothard's *Fête Champêtre*, be placed on the other side; let Fuseli's scene from Dante be there, but not his *Deluge*; let Turner's *View of Dort*, and his *landscape composition*, both find a place: Callcott's *View of North and South Shields*; Wilkie's *Errand Boy*; and, after some little hesitation, Collins's *Boys on the Sea Shore*; and here our catalogue must end. We cannot help indulging, as we write in the pleasurable feelings that the very idea of such an arrangement gives rise to, were it adopted, each magician, in his place, would wave his wand over our heads, and work his spell upon our minds without interruption: we would give ourselves up entirely to the enchantment. Fuseli should whirl us into the *Inferno of Dante*, and bring us acquainted with "the world of terrible shadows;" while Turner should restore us to all that is delicious in life—to the calm delights of a

summer evening, and the voluptuous feelings of a southern climate. We would trip it feathily beneath the silent moon with Howard's *Fairies*, and join with Stothard in the gay dance of young men and maidens to the sound of the most delightful music; and we would then go out, full of joy and gladness, with the satyrs and sylvan men of Hilton, to kiss the lovely feet of *Una*, and hail her queen of the woods.

Whether this scheme be altogether chimerical, or whether it may not in part be adopted another year, must depend upon the members of the Royal Academy. The great alteration for the better, which has taken place within the last few years in the model room, give us room to hope that others, and more extensive improvements, may in future be introduced.

Original Poetry.

A HOT-DAY.

What a plague's a summer-breakfast,
Eat what'er you will!
Cold-butter'd bread's a nasty thing,
Hot toast is nastier still.

Then how to pass the time away
Till dinner, there's the doubt;
You're hot if you stay in the house,
You're hot if you go out.

And after dinner what to do,
Not knowing where to move,
The gentlemen are hot below,
The ladies hot above.

And now the kettle comes, full trot,
That's not the way to cool one;
Tea makes an empty stomach hot,
But hotter still a full one.

Well, then an evening walk's the thing—
Not if you're hot before;
For he who sweats when he stands still,
Will, when he walks, sweat more.

So, now the supper's come,—and come
To make bad worse, I wot;
For supper while it heats the cool,
Will never cool the hot.

And bed, which cheers the cold man's heart,
Helps not the hot a pin;
For he, who's hot when out of bed,
Heats ten times more when in.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Various angry communications have reached us on the subject of the criticism which appeared in our Tenth Number, on Mr. West's picture of "Death on the Pale Horse;" and we are given to understand that the whole body of English artists has taken offence at the tenor of the animadversions referred to. We can only take this opportunity to repeat our invitation of criticisms, on any and every article, that appears in this Paper; our readiness to insert them has even thus early manifested itself on several occasions, and on none more remarkably and promptly than on that now under consideration, (compare our Tenth and Eleventh Numbers). The truth is, that we are rarely, ourselves, the authors of six lines in any one Number of the LITERARY JOURNAL; and that freely we abandon every sentiment and expression it contains to the criticism and the censure of those who are displeased with either, and to the defence of those from whom they come. A perfect independence of mind,

in ourselves and in our readers, is that which we very earnestly desire; and along with this we wish to behold that disciplined temper which can bear to hear the most favourite opinions and prejudices impugned, and that judgment and talent, which, in the proper mode, can give the proper reply to whatever is, or is supposed to be, false or mischievous.

Our Paper is, and we wish it always to be, a compound from various hands, unknown to each other, and, for the most part, to ourselves. We think, that by giving it this constitution, we best provide for a variety, a collision of sentiments and ideas, and hence a lasting vigour, not to be hoped from the operations of any single individual: and while making this remark, it would be ungrateful in us not to seize the occasion to offer our thanks to the several able coadjutors by whom our columns have hitherto been filled.

The List of New Publications occupies a considerable space in our present Number. This is partly owing to the season of the year, in which it is peculiarly customary to bring forward new books, and partly to our having previously fallen one week into arrear. No head of our contents appears to be more decidedly appropriate to a LITERARY JOURNAL; and we shall give it increased value by making it the subject of a separate Index, or Indexes, as the end of each Annual Volume.

G. S. C—d has overlooked our reply, given in a former Number, to himself and other Correspondents, viz.—that complete sets of the LITERARY JOURNAL might then have been had at our office. Since the date of that reply, however, some of our Numbers have become out of print, and are now reprinting.

The "Stanzas" are not to our taste.

The Account of the Poison-tree of Java will be resumed in our next.

On the Prevention of Forgery of Bank-notes, RESPONDENS, ORDOVEX, and some others, are intended for our next.

HENRICUS, A. S. X., G. J. B., and G., in our next.

The Letter from Hammersmith is an Advertisement.

In some copies of our last, p. 132, col. 2, l. 27, dele "to;" l. 61, for "professed," read "possessed;" l. 66, for "logeri," read "loqui;" p. 185, col. 3, l. 37, for "fickle fine," read "sickle fine;" p. 189, col. 1, l. 3, from the bottom, for "produce," read "perceive."

In our Fifth Number, p. 67, col. 1, for "Dinarbus," read "Dinarbas;" p. 70, col. 3, l. 21, for "of politics, of morals," read "of politics and morals."

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